



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

climax over again, though Doré will sell better, I imagine, than the disappointed Russian did. There are some forty pictures in the collection, but the big "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" could be counted as twenty-five more—in dimensions at least.

\*\*\*

A small collection of old masters, said to proceed from the Château d'Aulby, in France, has been placed on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as a loan. It includes excellent examples of Titian, Guido Reni, Velasquez, Franz Hals, Lancret, Kneller, a strong Rembrandt portrait and works by such later men as Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Joshua Reynolds (a copy of Correggio's "Jupiter and Antiope," which is in the Louvre), and Frith's "Vicar of Wakefield." It is certainly extremely kind of Count d'Aulby to send us such a fine sample of his collection to look at, without fee or reward to him.

\*\*\*

Mr. Tozo Takayanagi announces the removal of his Art Rooms to 160 Fifth avenue. His collection is now especially rich in the finest possible specimens of Japanese bronze, shakudo, porcelain and the like, most of them of an especially valuable decorative character.

\*\*\*

The announcement is made of the sale at Munich next month of the second part of the gallery of Heinrich Theodor Höch, consisting of old masters. The sale will occur at 8 Brienerstrasse, in the gallery above the Café Luitpold, and is in charge of E. A. Fleischmann, Book-seller and Art-dealer to the Bavarian Court, whose permanent exhibition at 1 Maximilianstrasse is one of the attractions of the great German art city.

\*\*\*

The Café Luitpold, by the way, is one of the places which no traveler who visits Munich can afford to miss seeing. It stands on the famous Brienerstrasse, in the very centre of the city. In sight of it on one hand are half a dozen palaces, including the Royal Palace and the Hofgarten, and on the other are the Glyptothek and the Königsplatz. The new and old Pynakothek's, and the Glaspalast, where the current international picture show is held, are but a minute or two's stroll away. The Englischer Garten, which had the honor to be laid out by an American, and a Yankee, Count Rumford, is almost around the corner from it, and you have only to saunter over the Maximilian Bridge to strike the region of the famous breweries. The establishment consists of a café, billiard hall with some twenty tables, a separate dining room, with a beautiful terrace, and keeps up the finest collection of newspapers of all countries that I know of in Europe. I once counted over 200 different journals on file there, and there were certainly a hundred more being read. The café at a busy hour is a perfect Babel. Every living tongue is spoken by the guests, and the day never passes when you may not see great men in statesmanship, finance, commerce, literature and the arts exchanging notes or idling an hour away amid the throng. Above all good things which may be said for the Café Luitpold is that it has the best cooks and wine cellar of any establishment of the kind anywhere in Southern Germany.

\*\*\*

Mr. Marcus B. Huish, the editor of the London *Art Journal*, has issued a beautifully gotten up little pamphlet called, "A Glimpse of Old Japan," based upon his well-known and remarkable private collection of the art of that country. The work is in no sense a catalogue of the Huish collection, but a general essay, for which the collection furnishes the text. To our collectors of Oriental art, this elegant and tersely truthful paper should be of inestimable interest and informational value.

\*\*\*

An old subscriber to the Paris Opera died recently and left among other curios a collection of the slippers which had been worn by dancers famous in their day. These have been sold at the Hotel Drouot for a total of about \$1,400. The highest price was paid for a lot which contained the slippers worn by Emma Livry, on November 15, 1862, when, at a dress rehearsal, she was burned to death on the stage. They fetched 1,215 francs from a dealer in antiques. The next best price was 950 francs, for a lot in which was a practice shoe which had belonged to Giumard.

Collections and antiquities worth about \$7,500 were received at the custom-house this morning addressed to Martin A. Ryerson, says the Chicago *Mail* of July 26th. The importers are Rollin & Feuardent, Librairie Numismatique, Paris, and the invoice bears the date of Paris, July 13, 1892. The merchandise consist of vases and glass statues, and the value is given at 65,000 francs. "No, there will be no duty charged on the goods," said the Deputy Collector. "We do not know whether they are for Mr. Ryerson or the Art Institute, but as antiquities they are free from duties."

## THE PLATES OF DÜRER

*Editor of THE COLLECTOR*—Dear Sir: Your issue of July 15 has a paragraph respecting the sale of Dürer's "Adam and Eve" at the auction in London of the late Mr. Fisher's well-known collection, stating that the print was bought by the Berlin Museum for \$2,000. I take this for the text of a discourse on the engravings of this great master.

The specimen referred to was pushed up to £410, which was £10 over a bid by a New Yorker. This is the highest price on record for an engraving by Dürer. The identical piece was sold at the Maberley auction, to which it is referred in the Fisher catalogue, for £55. That was in 1851. The impression is no doubt a very fine one, but fine impressions from the plate are not of very great rarity, and the same is true generally of most of the engravings of the master. While specimens of much inferior art by other early Germans sell for higher sums than Dürer's, it is because of their extreme scarcity, and the reason of their scarcity is that, owing to their inferiority, no value was set upon them originally, and they were thrown away as waste paper, whereas with Dürer, who deservedly enjoyed a great reputation in his lifetime, his work, on account of its excellence, was carefully preserved, and specimens of his prints may not infrequently be seen at the present time as perfect in condition and impression and as clean as in the master's own lifetime.

The highest price at an auction that the "Adam and Eve" had reached up to 1877 was at the Firmin-Didot sale at Paris, when an impression described in the catalogue as of the first state brought 3,100 francs, which, with the 5 per cent duty paid by the buyer, and with gold at 12 per cent premium, as it was at that time, was equal in Paris to over \$700 U. S. money. The specimen at the Fisher sale was not described as of the first state, but as having the ox-head water-mark in the paper, indicating a very early impression. There is a difference in the work on the tree, under the left shoulder of Adam, which constitutes the variation in states, and if the Fisher print had been of this first state the fact would no doubt have been noted in the catalogue with the result of a still higher figure than it actually produced. There are, in the Albertina collection at Vienna, two different impressions from the plate, both of which are much unfinished, important parts of each being in outline only, but both of these are unique, and even of these the existence was considered apocryphal until recently, for Mr. Maberley in his work, "The Print Collector," ridicules the assumption by Wilson in "The Catalogue Raisonné," that an impression partly in outline did exist. "Proofs" were indeed proofs in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and there is no mention of any other authenticated engraving by Dürer, in an unfinished state.

Exceptions to the generally good state in which Dürer's prints are found are in the four dry-point etchings of the master, two of which, a "Holy Family" and a "St. Jerome," are each of about the same size as the "Adam and Eve." Either of these two, if it were possible to find one of as good quality as those in the British Museum, would bring a large sum. They were so delicately executed that the plates were very soon spoiled, and only weak impressions now turn up. The two other dry-points are the "Man of Sorrows," a small piece, and a smaller one, "St. Veronica," the latter about three inches by two, of which only two impressions are known—one in the Albertina collection, and the other in the Dresden Museum. Dürer is supposed to have been the first engraver to practice with the dry point. He shares with his contemporaries, the illustrious Italians, Parmegiano and Marc Antonio, the reputation of being the inventor of etching with the acid. Six of his pieces are thus etched. They are on iron plates, and good prints from them are not rare. According to Adam Bartsch, the chief authority on ancient engravings and etchings, these were done from plates of tin; but since Bartsch's time one of the plates has been found, which proves to be of iron. All the rest of Dürer's works in metal are pure engravings with the burin on copper. Bartsch enumerates and describes 108 pieces from the plates on metal, three of which, however, are not Dürer's works. Besides the "St. Veronica" before mentioned, there are four other quite small engravings, of one of which the Albertina collection had the only impression known; of two, only three or four impressions have been discovered, and the fourth, which is probably Dürer's finest piece of work, a crucifixion with attendant saints, a circle of little more than an inch in diameter, is of extreme rarity. According to Passavant, it was not intended to be printed, but was done in gold as a piece of ornamental work for the Emperor Maximilian, and the plate was to be seen, among other curiosities at Vienna, long after Dürer's time.

The Fisher catalogue is unusually rich in Dürer's work, comprising all but eight of the prints from metal plates. Among those lacking are the four little pieces just mentioned, of which it is possible to procure only the last; another is the dry-point "St. Veronica," existing in but two impressions, as already stated. There is a collection in New York which embraces all that it is possible to get, including the little crucifixion, and the first and second states of the "Adam and Eve," both with the ox-head water-mark. The four introuvables are supplied in this collection by the excellent copies done by A. Petrak of Vienna.

H. F. S.

## THE TRUE AMERICAN ART

THERE are two sides to every question. This remarkably original and important observation is suggested to me by a discussion I had the other day about the importance of an European education to an American artist. The man with whom I was talking is an American, and an artist of conceded eminence, who has enjoyed no schooling save that of nature and experience. Said he:

"Some of our art students imagine that no instruction can be obtained in this country, so they go to Paris and learn to paint French peasants or cocottes, or French landscapes and seascapes, and all in the style of their favorite French master. After a few years' absence they return with one or two strong pictures, which many persons doubt they painted, and on the reputation of these pictures they rest secure with newspaper and magazine puffs, and never seem able to paint near so well again. They manage, however, to live independent of art by drawing for the publishers or instructing young girls how to paint plaques, pots and screens. They complain that there is no art atmosphere in this country, and at intervals go abroad for a fresh supply of professional ozone. But they very seldom paint anything as well as the pictures they first brought over to make their reputations on. They say they cannot find subjects in America. The reason is that they are more familiar with the land of their choice than that of their nativity; for, strange to say, not a few European visitors who have been in the United States a single year are more familiar with the country than these native-born but foreign-educated artists are. The young men who go over to Paris never get acquainted with their masters. The French artist has such an awful amount of dignity, and so many projects, and his time is otherwise so taxed, that an intimate relationship between master and scholar is impossible. Each student, it is true, informs his parents or friends that he is the 'favorite pupil' of Gerome or Cabanel, *et al.*; but they occupy about the same relation that the teachers and pupils in our public schools do.

"I knew a chap in Bridgeport who was, by his own account, the favorite pupil of Gerome. He says he used to paint all Gerome's backgrounds for him. That little story took very well with laymen, but gave him away to the artists. He has never, to my knowledge, painted any backgrounds or foregrounds or anything else worth painting, in the ten or twelve years since his return from Paris; yet he will sneer at everything American as though he was not the son of patriotic Yankee parents whose ancestors 'fit into' the Revolutionary war. Why he and his like should despise everything American is more than I can imagine. They are sent to Paris or Munich by American benefactors, with American capital and depend on American patronage for support. Last summer three of these youngsters were on their way to Europe on a steamer, and amused themselves by ridiculing the older American artists, who, by their heroic pioneer struggles had made art possible for these dudes in banged hair. A foreign lady passenger, who had lived in our States long enough to know more about our country and its people than these youngsters did, was so indignant that she found it difficult to restrain herself from giving them the rebuke their conduct so richly deserved, and she told me of the affair afterward with indignant warmth. These youngsters assume an impudently supercilious air towards their seniors and superiors. They criticise them with insolent freedom, and settle their merits or demerits with dogmatic brevity. 'N. G.' they say to a picture by a man who was fighting for art before they were born, and that settles it. Another peculiarity about them is their lack of education and general information. While the old artists are generally men of culture and refinement, these youngsters as a rule know but little except how to paint in an imitative way, and how to use studio slang and dissipate mildly. It is to be hoped that that they may grow wiser as they grow older.

"Fortunately, American art does not depend on them alone. We have some young painters of power among us, who have studied here in our midst, and who are not affected by this pesti-

lential contempt for their own fatherland. Take Gilbert Gaul, for instance. He is one of the strongest and most earnest workers that I know of. He was educated in the studio of J. G. Brown; is indorsed by all the schools and by the public, and has been made an Academician and a member of the Society of American Artists. But Brown never gets any credit for instructing him, because he instructed him in New York and is an American. Yet he did his duty nobly by him, and has made of him, aided by his native talent, an artist of whom we may be proud. Gaul has been advised time and again to leave the pernicious (?) influence of Brown, but he has loyally stuck to his friend and master, and to-day is one of the most prominent of American figure-painters—a better and more original man, because he had no foreign masters to lead him from American subjects, and invest him with an artificial and imitative style."

The trouble to me seems to be that our young artists who study abroad not only go there for instruction, but for inspiration. I think there can be no question of the benefits of a foreign school. Excellence in all arts is comparative, and how can a man confidently advance to excellence without the opportunity to compare himself and his methods with the work and methods of stronger men? Untutored genius has achieved great things, but how much greater would they have been if genius had enjoyed some instruction instead of being left to grope in the dark? We have plenty of good, original American painters, but when we come to hard facts, we have no good schools beyond the preparatory type. Neither had France nor Germany till their art was centuries old. Now that they have the schools in which art is so systematized and simplified that its pursuit is rendered as easy as the hard pursuit of knowledge ever can be, why should we not take advantage of the opportunities they offer? It doesn't matter where you learn to paint, as long as you learn, and you would be a fool not to seek the best method of instruction at your command. It is upon what you do after you have been through the mill of instruction that your permanent standing depends.

And that is where the criticism of my artist friend falls justly and powerfully. We will never have an American school of art until American artists look at home for their subjects. There are picturesque types enough here for the figure painter, and a wealth of natural beauty for the landscapist, that all Europe cannot equal. As long as the pupil of a foreign painter paints from the same models as his master, he cannot escape the stigma of imitation. No matter how original his conceptions may be, the fact that they are based on the same types as his master's will unite with the technical style he has imbibed from his master to weight him down. He has no excuse for this. If he is strong enough to paint an original picture, there are abundant subjects for him at home. Life and the people who live it are as full of picturesqueness here as abroad if you only know where to look for it. It is a different picturesqueness, undoubtedly, from that of Europe, and in that rests its distinctive charm. As for the "art atmosphere," that can only come with an art which respects itself. There was no "art atmosphere" in France until the present century—until the culminating refinement of society erected art from a mere trade, to be practiced under the condescending patronage of the great, into a profession created to bear a potent hand in the civilization of humanity.

It may be pleasanter for the artist to live abroad than at home. But life is not made up entirely of pleasures. Great works demand sacrifices, and the building up of a national art is a great work indeed. That it is progressing among us, no one with an eye for circumstances can deny. Because it progresses slowly, and is enmeshed in all sorts of critical humbug and puerile dilettantism, we need not despair. It may be further off than our patience desires; but American art, atmosphere and all, is as substantial a certainty of the future as America itself is as I write. No one who is acquainted with the collections of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, or Mr. William T. Evans, of this city, composed entirely of native works, most of them of a characteristic native spirit and subject, will require any further assurance from me on this point. The weakness of our American nature is that we want to do everything in too great a hurry. We expect to make an art or a literature as we would contract to build a house or lay a railroad. But intellectual development can not be managed by contract. To use a vulgar but apposite expression, we may go rather slow in our art, but we will get there all the same, and the future art centre of the world will be the United States of America.

The fine statue, in heroic dimensions, of Chancellor John Watts, modeled by George-E. Bissell, the sculptor, has been successfully cast in bronze by the Henry-Bonnard Company. This dignified and yet picturesque monument to the great jurist and philanthropist is to be erected in Trinity churchyard, opposite Wall street.